

TOLD AT FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

MRS. JESSUP AND MRS. CHASE TO GIVE RECEPTIONS THIS AFTERNOON.

Gen. and Mrs. Alexander Webb to introduce their daughter, Miss Carrie Webb, to-morrow. Mrs. Samuel Sloan to give a dinner in honor of Miss C. Webb. Various social events of note.

RECEPTIONS will be given this afternoon by Mrs. J. R. Jessup, of 555 Fifth avenue, which will be followed by a dance, and by Mrs. Lucian B. Chase, of 481 Fifth avenue, which will last from 3 until 6 o'clock. Mrs. Chase will, as usual, receive her guests alone. She will wear an ashen of roses brocade gown, trimmed with pink velvet. Among the guests expected are the following named persons:

Mrs. Albert Guernsey, Mrs. Hicks-Lord, Mrs. Livingston Hamersley, Mrs. L. M. Bates, Miss Bates, Mrs. Charles Follows, the Misses Follows, Mrs. and Mrs. John J. C. Delaplaine, Mrs. Randall, Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. Lindsey, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Peabody, Mrs. Charles Grear, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Roland, Mrs. Charles Cornish, Mrs. August Downer, Mrs. George Elliott, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Philip Livingston, Mrs. S. Hyde, Mrs. Pierre Noel, Mrs. William Oakley, Mrs. Frank Stone, Miss Stone, Mrs. Samuel Sweet, Mrs. Coddington and Mrs. John O. Campbell.

Mrs. Coventry Waddell, of 110 East Eighteenth street, will give a tea on the afternoon of Wednesday, Dec. 14, between 3 and 7.30 o'clock.

Mrs. Charles Post, of 21 North Washington square, will give a dinner this evening. Gen. and Mrs. Alexander Webb, of 15 West Fifth street, will give a tea this afternoon.

Mrs. Elliott F. Shepard, of 2 West Fifty-second street, will give a supper party this evening.

Mrs. William Gilson, of 8 West Seventeenth street, will give receptions on the afternoons of Jan. 4 and 11.

Mrs. James Toler, of West Twenty-first street, will entertain the Friday Evening Dancing Club on Dec. 16.

The Manhattan Athletic Club will give a musical and ladies' reception on Thursday.

Gen. and Mrs. Alexander Webb, of 15 West Fifth street, will give a reception to-morrow, when Miss Carrie Webb will make her debut.

A large hall will be given in Boston on the evening of Dec. 15 by Major and Mrs. George H. Brooks, who have engaged the banquet hall of the Vendome for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, of 34 West Fifty-ninth street, have cards out for a dinner, at which Miss Harriman, one of the debutantes of this season, will be introduced.

Mrs. W. A. Rogers, of 340 Madison avenue, will give a tea on the afternoon of Dec. 15.

Mrs. Samuel Sloan, of 7 East Thirty-eighth street, will give a dinner this evening in honor of Miss C. Webb, the fiancée of her son.

Dr. and Mrs. Morris L. King, of West Fifty-fifth street, will entertain a number of friends to-morrow evening.

The marriage of Mr. J. Harvey Bostwick, son of Mr. William H. Bostwick, of Staten Island, and Miss F. Smith, of 15 West Fifth street, will take place on Thursday, Dec. 15, at the Church of the Holy Communion.

Mr. Lawrence Jerome, Mr. F. J. Reamer, Mr. John Chamberlain, Mr. John Stokes, Mr. Alexander Taylor, Jr., Mr. C. F. Kerr and Col. Thomas Ochiltree are stationed at "The Lodge," near the White House, Richmond, for a ten days' hunt.

Mr. Herman Oelrichs gave a dinner on Saturday evening in honor of his future brother-in-law, Mr. Richard Henderson.

Mrs. McInturn, of 60 Fifth avenue, will give a dance on the evening of Dec. 19.

Mrs. Frederick W. Foote, of 47 West Nineteenth street, will give a large cotillion previous to her leaving the city for the South in January.

Miss Olive Graef will be introduced at the reception given to-morrow afternoon by her mother, Mrs. Charles Graef, of 55 East Fifty-seventh street.

Mrs. Duncan Cryder, of 35 West Nineteenth street, will give a dinner to-morrow evening.

Mrs. Butler Duncan and Mrs. Paul Dana are visiting Mrs. Harry Ingersoll at the Bellevue Hotel, Philadelphia.

The marriage of Mr. Newbold T. Lawrence and Miss Thelma G. Lawrence will take place at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon at the Church of the Incarnation, Madison avenue and Fifty-fifth street.

Frightened Him Away. [From the Washington Oracle.]

He was a member of the Tariff Club and was a favorite with his landlady's daughter.

"Are you in favor of protection?" he said to the young lady one evening after a club meeting.

"Yes, Harry," she responded so tenderly that the young man handed in his resignation the very next day.

To one and all we say ADAMSON'S BOZAR COGNAC BALANCE. Best cognac.

BERTHA'S FLIGHT.

NE stormy afternoon in autumn Bertha Dale stood watching the large rain-drops as they chased each other down the window-panes. A shade of discontent was visible on her fair, girlish features. Of life's inevitable annoyances, Bertha most disliked a dull, rainy day, when she was forced to be alone; and just now, if the truth must be told, she was at a loss for occupation.

Her small, slippered feet tapped the carpet impatiently, and her mousy brow was slightly contracted. Suddenly the expressive face brightened—a resource had occurred to her.

"Yes," she exclaimed, in soliloquy, "there's no going out to-day, that's certain; and I think I can do it—at least I'll try. Harry thinks me such a mere doll! He never seems to expect anything useful from me. Indeed, he quite spoils me, the dear, foolish fellow! But I'll see if I can't mend the lining of the overcoat which he tore so badly yesterday; and do it quite as well, too, as poor old Nancy, with her rheumatic fingers. It will be such fun to hear him say 'Gee whizz!' when he finds it ready to put on; and then his look of surprise on hearing his good-for-nothing little Betty did it. I will set about it at once!" And the young matron, now quite restored to her wonted cheerfulness, tripped off to her husband's wardrobe, singing some lines of an old ditty as she went.

Bertha Dale was a bride of some two months' standing. She had lost both her parents at an early age; but, by the provisions of her father's will, she had been consigned to the guardian care of an estimable widow lady,

and intimate friend of the family, who, herself childless, had taken the orphan to her heart, and to the best of her ability supplied her with the necessities of life.

Perhaps she had erred towards her charge in one important particular. She had never trained her to domestic usefulness nor given her the knowledge of a single household art; and would say, when anything was hinted at the advantage of such knowledge, even in the case of a beauty who was something of an heiress, "Oh, I could never think of wearying the dear child with such a needless and such drudgery! She has quite enough to do at school, as it is. The schoolmistress tells me she makes surprising progress with her needlework, and she is really a prodigy in language."

Easy going Mrs. Price had not overrated Bertha's proficiency. At sixteen she was really a most accomplished girl; and the next winter it was conceded that all her acquaintances that a more bewitching young lady had never been "brought out."

It was during the first season, at a soiree at some friend's house, that she formed the acquaintance of Harry Dale. Like many others, he was attracted at first, not so much by her delicate beauty, as by the charm of childlike purity in her nature, which she heightened by its effect more than all the acquired accomplishments.

The maiden's nature was sincere and confident. In the presence of her admirer, she was on her part, by a depth and fervor of attachments at least equal to his own.

A smile, half-roguish, half-doubtful, dimpled Bertha's cheek as she re-entered the parlor, carrying the garment she had spoken of. Seating herself on a chair by the window, she opened her trunk, and drew forth a bundle of faded from its recesses a tumbler of fairy-like dimensions. The requisite materials were next arranged, but when Bertha fairly began to sew, she seemed as though an uglier net had never tried a housewife's skill. In vain she sought to effect a lasting union between the edges; no sooner was the fabric drawn in one place than it would pucker and draw apart in another. Still she persevered, ripping and stitching, stitching and ripping again—until, her unconscious fingers sch-

ARTISTS IN PLUMAGE.

Light Work That Is Done by Means of Pretty Girls With Noble Feathers.

OW do we steam feathers? Why, by holding them over the steam," and the pretty feather-worker laughed heartily at the question asked by a World reporter. But the feather-workers' trade is not so simple after all, for time must be given before one is expert enough to handle the delicate feathered articles.

From lower Broadway away up to Seventeenth street may be found hundreds of stores where handsome, glossy feathers are exposed for sale. In them are employed twenty times the number of pretty girls, whose occupation, from 7 or 8 o'clock in the morning till long past 10 in the evening, is to moisten and steam the feathers, and to trim the feathered tribe, brought from all parts of the world, and in all shades, sizes and conditions.

The primary object in steaming feathers is to curl the quills and to give them the fine, tiny feathers that are the components of not only the completed bonnet, but of the price itself. And, indeed, the husband who would be so cruel as to refuse his wife such a lovely article as is made out of these varicolored articles doesn't deserve to have a wife.

Steaming feathers seems simple enough. "Just hold them over the steam," and the powder gets on the quills, and then—well, then, the feather would be worth throwing away. The old-fashioned way of doing the eye of the feather, in which the quills are stored, is to fill an ordinary tin kettle, having an extra long and straight nozzle, with water, and then heat it. When the boiling point is reached and the steam issues forth the eye of the feather is steamed. The feather is held in the steam, and with the disengaged hand the girl smooths the obstinate particles until they shine as brightly as the eye of the worker. This is a hard work there is to it. Still, it is a tedious occupation, which strains the mind as well as the hands. But if Shakespeare's right, "The cutting is done by the fingers, and indeed, they are the lightest labor in the world, for, from morning until night, about the little tables where the fair fingers twine in and out amidst the gold and yellow, the same time and black, there is nothing but laughter.

In addition to being steamed the feathers are dyed, curled and finally prepared for the milliner, after which they are placed in wire pins, much after the fashion of the flower from the florist. Dyeing a feather is like dyeing anything else, save perhaps that it costs more, because there is so little of it. The curling is done over a hot iron, and the fingers again playing a prominent part in shaping the twists and turns till they represent, so husbands will claim, about \$5 a twist. Then the wire pins are attached to the wire pins or handles by means of paste and a heavy, thick strip of cloth, and then the goods are ready for the market.

Just how long it takes to steam and prepare each feather is a question that even skilled workmen cannot answer. Their intuition and knowledge of the article is a help in determining, but some feathers are just as difficult to get ready as others. Some are polished as their original owners were about getting caught, and they will not down. But slender fingers finally catch the wayward tips and the work is finished.

Of course in the larger houses the method of doing this work is much simpler, though probably no contrivance has yet been devised for supplying the girls and their soft hands with the steam and the iron. The work is done by the fingers, and the fingers are the lightest labor in the world, for, from morning until night, about the little tables where the fair fingers twine in and out amidst the gold and yellow, the same time and black, there is nothing but laughter.

Gen. L. C. Armstrong, of Hampton, Va., is at the Everett.

J. D. Srebus, of Scotland, is a recent arrival at the McInturn.

T. Peck, a Burlington real estate man, puts up at the Bartholdi.

Mme. de Gergarak, the Parisian songstress, is now at the Hoffman.

Chas. C. Newton and Mrs. Newton, of Montreal, are guests of the Albemarle.

John Block, a well-known Moscow merchant, occupies a suite at the Grand.

S. W. A. Kaba and S. O. Kura, of Tokio, Japan, have passed at the Fifth Avenue for a few days.

C. W. Pownall, of London, and P. Thompson, of Dublin, are recent arrivals at the Windsor.

J. G. and C. A. Miller, managers of the Columbia Opera-house, are booking plays at the Union Square.

James J. King, U. S. N., and C. D. Rousseau, of Rome, have used a nice hook on the Sturtevant's Register.

Leut.-Col. and Mrs. G. T. Dennison, of Toronto, were among yesterday's arrivals at the Windsor.

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Among others at the Union Square is F. W. Harker, who supplies the electrical instruments used in subway work.

Prominent among the many names on the Hoffman's books are those of Sidney Howard, of London, and Mrs. B. H. Carolina, and Major J. W. Harker, of Australia.

And intimate friend of the family, who, herself childless, had taken the orphan to her heart, and to the best of her ability supplied her with the necessities of life.

Perhaps she had erred towards her charge in one important particular. She had never trained her to domestic usefulness nor given her the knowledge of a single household art; and would say, when anything was hinted at the advantage of such knowledge, even in the case of a beauty who was something of an heiress, "Oh, I could never think of wearying the dear child with such a needless and such drudgery! She has quite enough to do at school, as it is. The schoolmistress tells me she makes surprising progress with her needlework, and she is really a prodigy in language."

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ing and her patience worn out, she flung the garment from her with a little pettish exclamation. As she did so a folded paper fluttered from one of the side pockets to the floor.

Picking it up, she perceived it to be a note, delicately scented and directed to her husband. It was a note, she thought, and she was about to replace it at once, when she reflected that Harry had told her nothing of any female correspondent of his.

Fahs! this must relate to some trivial matter from which he had forgotten. He had no secrets from her, she was sure.

But yet, who could the writer be? Her husband's only female relative was a maiden sister, who resided in Devonshire.

This was a London note, and bore the previous day's post mark. Would it be very wrong in her to read it and find it out? Harry had always made it a point to hand her his letters when delivered at home, and he was welcome to look at all her correspondence. Surely there would be no harm?

Harry's husband's manner changed towards her of late? No; if anything, he had seemed to grow more affectionate? Nonsense! Why should she make herself miserable over these few words? Harry would doubtless explain all at dinner-time. She would go and prepare for that repast by putting on his favorite evening dress.

She would not pain him by revealing her unworthy suspicions—not a word would she utter about the note.

In spite, however, of all these reasonings and resolutions, Bertha could not bring herself to feel perfectly at ease. She fairly trembled as dinner drew to a close without a word from her husband respecting the mysterious note, and when he mentioned that he must leave her that evening, to keep a theatrical appointment, he saw that she turned suddenly pale.

"Are you ill, my darling?" he asked, with

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING.

WILL SKATERS CHOOSE GREENWOOD LAKE OR SILVER LAKE?

A Fine Display Expected at the Fencing Exhibition of the New York Athletic Club—The Twenty-Second's Tag-of-War Team Getting Ready to Fight Connecticut—How Amateurs Should Handle Game Chickens.

OW the cock-fighting season is coming in, hundreds of amateurs would like to know how to train, "cut out," "heel" and handle for themselves. An amateur who attempts to "feed" a main of cocks is out of his head, but "cutting out" and "heeling" for little "turn-ups" are not so difficult. To clip a game cock properly, grasp him by the neck, low down, while held by an assistant, and get all of the hackle so it hangs in a bunch over the fingers make one clean cut right around and then trim off evenly and fairly close. The sickle feathers of the tail should be cut out close to the rump, and the straight feathers neatly doctored, but should not be reduced more than one-quarter their length. The feathers on the saddle may be trimmed down one-half and the legs and stern clipped. The wings should not be shortened much, and the feathers should be most carefully pointed. A cock with well-pointed wing and feathers will often "blink" his adversary. The best of a fighting cock is reduced from four to three ounces by a good cutter out, and a clipped cock has about five ounces the best of an untrimmed one. Old cockers agree that unless a bird has a cock close to its tail, it is better not to use the scissors too freely, because the feathered warrior will not be fit to go on a walk till late in the spring.

Mr. Louis Rubenstein, the famous Montreal figure skater, has written to Mr. Gus Walton, of this city, that he intends competing at the New York meeting this year.

Admirers of amateur skating around Greenwood Lake, N. Y., have offered the use of the large hotel there for the use of contestants if the skating association decides to make this ice the headquarters this winter. First-class accommodations will be furnished by Staten Island admirers of the sport if Silver Lake is selected.

Eugene Comiskey, one of the latest additions to the sporting reporters' ranks, has decided to go over this winter to the prize-fight. He will sail on Wednesday.

They say there is no sentiment among pugilists, but Billy Edwards, to please a gentleman now in California, is going down to Rockaway Beach to-morrow to see Dempsey and get him to put his autograph on a large picture of himself taken since he met Jack Burke.

The New York Athletic Club is to give a fencing entertainment on next Saturday evening. Prof. Senac and his assistant will have bouts with some of his pupils, while others of the most advanced classes will try their foils on each other. It is expected that some clever amateurs from Philadelphia and Boston Fencing Club and a pair from the New York Turn Verein will also cross swords.

The Company B, Twenty-second Regiment, tug-of-war team expect to beat the team from Company K, Second Connecticut, this year.

As THE WORLD said right after the international light-weight championship battle, each man will get his money back. But a very pretty picture has been raised, and the referee has not been appointed, have power to name the next time and place of battling.

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NEW YORK'S "GOOD SOCIETY."

Only Seven Hundred People Find Entrance into the Inner Circle of Swindlers.

A conspiracy of "good society" has just been made in this city, and it is found that out of the population of nearly two millions—counting in the metropolis and its suburbs—only 700 are qualified to rank with the best. In a republic where the notion is so generally held that behavior is the true test of worthiness, it requires an authoritative edict once in a while to quell the leveling tendency.

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